

RECKLESS RALPH'S

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.

Price \$1.00 per year or ten cents a copy.

Ad. rates—2c per word, 50c per inch, Quarter page \$1.25, Half page \$2.00, Full page \$3.50. Four times for price of three.

Vol. 12

May 1944

No. 140

## MY FRIEND, COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM

by Gilbert Patten

"Burt L. Standish,"

Creator of Frank and Dick Merriwell

It was my good fortune to be a contemporary and friend of Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who wrote hundreds of so-called dime novels in which "Buffalo Bill" Cody was the hero. I obtained my first glimpse of him one day in the latter part of the 1880s, on the day of my initial visit to the publishing house of Beadle & Adams, at 98 William Street, New York City. Only twenty-four hours previously I, myself a fledgling author of such novels, published by the same famous concern, had arrived in the Big Town via the Fall River Line from Boston. And as B. & A. had bought my first stories, written at the age of seventeen, and had thenceforth been a steady market for all I produced, naturally I lost little time in hastening to that bountiful Mecca. But when, from across the street, I gazed upon my goal I could scarcely believe the evidence of my eyes.

Instead of the vast and magnificent building I'd expected to see, I beheld an ancient brick structure only four stories in height. At first I thought I must be mistaken, but there was the right number over the door; and so I crossed over and climbed two flights of well-worn wooden stairs, there being no passenger elevator by which the sanctum of O. J. Victor, the venerable and beloved editor, could be reached.

Waiting outside the open door of Mr. Victor's office, I could see another visitor standing beside his long desk

and chatting with him. The visitor was not a tall man, although his fine slender figure and military bearing made him look tall. He was holding his military hat in his hands. His long dark moustache and abundant black hair, only slightly touched with gray, gave him a distinguished air and made him look every inch a daring officer and adventurer. My heart beat a tattoo, for I knew him at once from pictures I had seen of him. At last I was gazing upon one of my boyhood heroes whose tales of derring-do had influenced me in a measure to turn my State of Maine Yankee hand to the invention of similar yarns; similar yet with a difference, for while Col. Ingraham had adventured in many lands and fought in seven wars, I had never but once before ventured beyond the boundaries of New England.

Presently Col. Ingraham came out and passed me, limping slightly, so near that I could have reached out and touched the skirt of his long dark coat. I wanted to speak to him but awe held me tongue-tied. A little later, admitted to Mr. Victor's office, I asked the gray-bearded editor if the person who had just left were not Col. Ingraham, and was told that he was. I wished to ask for his address, but did not do so.

Something like ten years elapsed before I saw Prentiss Ingraham again. I'd already begun to write the Merriwell stories at the rate of one 20,000 word book a week when I somehow learned that the colonel was living at a certain address in the upper West Forties. When I called there I was compelled to wait a few minutes until another visitor departed. She proved to be a stunningly handsome lady



in her early thirties, and I was later to learn that brilliant and attractive women of all ages were Col. Ingraham's genuinely platonic friends and admirers. Even girls less than twenty seemed fascinated by that truly courtly and high-minded Southern gentleman. I say Southern, for although he was born, the son of the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, also a fiction writer, in Portland, Maine, his parents removed from there to Tennessee when he was only three years old.

We became warm friends, Prentiss Ingraham and I. He called me his "dam-Yankee pard;" I called him Prentiss. We discussed writing and dime novels, which I'd come to believe were doomed in their original form. I claimed that my Merriwell stories, sold then from news stands, would soon vanish and be forgotten after I ceased writing them. He ridicules my pessimistic belief. "Oh, no, Pard Gil," he said: "the dime novel will live forever, and your stories will be famous a hundred years after you are dead." Well, they have not been forgotten, much to my amazement, although I ceased writing them in 1914. Their tenacity is a constant wonderment to me.

And, by the way, my own tenacity is equally surprising. For although many times reported dead, I'm still going fairly strong for one born shortly after the end of our Civil War. I even hope to have the great pleasure of reading the obituaries of Herr Hitler and his band of Nazi gangsters.

That Col. Ingraham was a man of many thrilling and fantastic adventures is incontrovertable. A Lieutenant at seventeen in the Confederate army, he was crushed and embittered by the defeat of the South. Voluntarily he exiled himself from his native land, swearing he would never set foot again within the boundaries of the United States of America. Wandering abroad, he fought anywhere and everywhere that he could find a war going on. Finally espousing the cause of the Cuban rebels, he won the commission of Colonel in their army and became the Admiral of their one-ship navy! Captured by the Spaniards, confined in Morro Castle, and condemned to be shot at sunrise, he escaped through the influence of the English consul, who saw that he was aboard an American ship and far away

when the sun rose and a number of his fellow prisoners died with their backs against the wall.

On that American ship Col. Ingraham came back to the beloved land he had vowed never to set foot on again. He became one of the most loyal of American citizens, banishing hatred from his heart, to which he took decent Northerners as freely as decent Southerners. I never heard him breathe even the slightest breath of venom against the winners of our unfortunate struggle over black slavery.

Back home again, Prentiss Ingraham continued to be an adventurer after becoming a writer. His friends and associates were such men as "Wild Bill" Hickok, "Texas Jack" Omahondro, "Buffalo Bill," Gen. Geo. A. Custer and "Ned Buntline," (Col. E. Z. C. Judson,) who wrote the early Buffalo Bill novels. He hunted with such men in the West and was involved in one Indian skirmish and wounded by an Indian arrow. Following the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn, he rushed into that country and wrote the first installment of a serial, "Custer's Last Warpath," on the battlefield where Custer died. The story appeared in Street & Smith's "New York Weekly."

Unfortunately Col. Ingraham could not tell the stories of his personal adventures except in dime novel style, which made them sound improbable. Unfortunately, he had a falling out with Street & Smith, which antagonized him against that publishing house and left him without a market when Eadle & Adams folded up.

One day I met our mutual friend Arthur Grissom on Broadway. "What are we going to do about Col. Ingraham, 'Gil?" asked Arthur, who was then editing the "Smart Set Magazine," though he had begun his literary career by writing dime novels under the pen name of "Albert Cecil Gains." When I asked what he meant, he told me Prentiss was broke and talking about going with a gun-running ship carrying arms to the Cuban rebels. I promised Grissom to see what I could do.

But when I told the Colonel that I thought I could reopen a market for his stories with S. & S. Prentiss hit the nearest cloud. "No, Pard, no suh!" he exploded. "They gave me a dirty deal, and I'll starve befo' I'll ever



write another word for them." I argued, pleaded, almost begged on bended knees. "Your row was with the original publishers," I said. "They are dead. The sons of Francis S. Smith are running the business now, and I consider O. G. Smith an honorable gentleman and my personal friend. Let me mention you to him." And finally he gave a reluctant consent.

When I spoke to Ormand Smith about the Colonel, Mr. Smith said, "Tell him I'll be very glad if he will come to see me." So Prentiss went, was received graciously, and thereafter wrote scores of nicker stories about "Buffalo Bill" for that firm.

Colonel Ingraham was a frequent visitor at my summer home in Camden, Maine. One day in late June I received a telegram informing me he was coming on from Chicago to see me. When he arrived we paused on my veranda and he stood looking out over the blue bosom of Penobscot Bay. His eyes were clear and keen, his cheeks were smooth and tinted with warm red blood. I told him how well he looked, "Yes, Pard," he said, "and I'm feeling fine too. I've got some good news about myself for you." "I'll be very glad to hear it, Prentiss," I said. "It's about this old foot of mine, where I was wounded in a duel over a girl when I was seventeen," he stated. "You know I've been told the bone is rotting and it'll kill me if I don't have it chopped off. Well, I went to Chicago to see a great surgeon about it, and he told me the damned old foot isn't going to kill me after all." "Hah!" I cried. "That is good news." "No, suh, it isn't going to kill me, Pard; that surgeon says I've got kidney disease, and can't live over a year anyhow." And he laughed gaily.

A brave man looking death in the eye and laughing at the Grim Destroyer!

But that surgeon was mistaken. Colonel Ingraham lived another full year and died in a Tennessee hospital.

### NEWSY NEWS by Ralph F. Cummings

Wm. M. Kreling died Oct. 20th, 1943 after an illness of quite some time. We all miss you Bill, and we know that our dear Lord will take good care of you, after all the years of suffering. Bill leaves a wife and five

children. Bill has been a member of the Brotherhood for over 15 years, and has been a well known trader of the old timers, and one of these days, you will see his fine collection up for sale, in a future number of the Round-Up. Bill had fun in collecting them, same as all the rest of us, and I'm sure he will want many another collector to enjoy the goody goodies that he did, when he was alive. God bless him.

Roger Williams Park is in Providence, R. I. Remember the moose that I mentioned a few months ago that was seen up this way. I said Roger Williams Park was in Conn., but it isn't. L. C. Skinner corrected me.

George French is curious to know whether any other collector has a copy of Irvin's Six Penny Tales. George thinks his is not only the only one in existence but also the smallest dime novel ever printed. Size is  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ . Can any one match it? George has a foto of it, No. 310.

H. O. Rawson remembers the days that every school boy used to stuff his pockets full of novels and story papers and would swap them for others he had not read, and then hike for the snug retreat in the barn, from which he would travel the world over in adventure with his heroes of the "happy days" gone by. Friend Rawson hasn't been feeling very good all winter, but he is in hopes of feeling lots better when the good old springtime rolls around again, so's he can continue to get both titles and authors names for the various novel's lists that he collects, such as Three Chums, Comic, Frank Reade, Diamond Dick, N. Y. Detective #750 to end, and many others. Give him a hand at helping him to complete his lists, fellows.

Information on the first four Frank Reade tales of invention, and others of the kind, were written by Harry Enton whose real name was Cohen. It seems that Enton (by his own story of the fact) claims credit only for the first four of the series reprinted in Wide Awake Library. It seems that Enton demanded of Tousey, that he print HIS name as author, but when Tousey insisted on the use of "No-name," Enton got sore and quit his. Enton only wrote two tales for Beaulieu's Half Dime Library Nos. 328, The Sky Detective, or A Boys Fight for Life and Honor, by Major Mickey Free (a pen name of Enton's), and No. 587,



Will Waters, the Boy Ferret, or Marked with a Triangle, by H. Enton. Enton's stories in the Wide Awake Library were: No. 541, The Steam Man of the Plains, or the Terror of the West, by Harry Enton. No. 553, Frank Reade and his Steam Horse, by Harry Enton. 597, Frank Reade and His Steam Team. 607, Frank Reade and His Steam Tally-Ho. (You will note the last two issues, Enton's name is not mentioned, this must have been where the trouble first started). The other tales with Jr., hitched onto them were all written by Lu Senaren under the pen name of "No-Name," Starting with No. 625, Frank Reade Jr. and His Steam Wonder.

It is believed that N W. Orr or White made the woodcuts for the Reade tales. "The Steam Man of the Plains, or the Terror of the West," by Harry Enton first appeared in Vol. 1, No. 28 of the Boys of New York, Feb. 28, 1876 and ended with Vol. 1, No. 36. April 24th, 1876. The second story, Frank Reade and his Steam Horse started with Vol. 1, No. 48, July 17th, 1876, and ended Vol. 2, No. 58. Sept. 25th, 1876. Thanks to Charles Jonas and Ray Caldwell for this information.

Walter Pannell says he was especially interested in the booklet, the War Library, Lists No. 1 to 413. He said he noticed several names of authors that he was familiar with in his youth, whom he had almost forgotten, the main one being Edgar L. Vincent. He was surely a prolific writer in the old days—and versatile too, for he wrote on practically everything, even for the farm papers his father used to take.

Ray Mengar says he received splendid results from his ad in the Feb. No. of Roundup. Good for you, Pal.

Gilbert Patten says he has written his autobiography now in the hands of a N. Y. agent, since doing the "Mr. Frank Merriwell," book a few years ago. At the suggestion of the producer of "Tobacco Road" as a play, Gil has titled it "Frank Merriwell's Father." So we will all wait to see this fine book when it appears. See our friend Patten's fine article in this no. on "My Friend, Col. Prentiss Ingraham." A fine article, and from the pen of the Creator of the Frank and Dick Merriwell Stories by Burt L. Standish whose real name is Gilbert

Patten, Honorary Member No. 6, of Happy Hours Brotherhood. Brother Patten is living for awhile at his son's ranch out at Vista, Calif., down near the Mexican Border. Gilbert was born Oct. 25th, 1866.

Charles Jonas says that Louis J. Stellman, Box 604, Menlo Park, Calif., is out after data on the invention tales of Enton and Senarens, and wishes to receive all details on the lives of these worthies could be sent him.

Did you members see the three issues of N. Y. World-Telegram of the 28th, 29th and 30th of Dec. 1942. They were full of Mrs. Bragins Love Story collection. Mentioned Benners. Said that Mrs. B. was the wife of the "Nationally known authority on dime novels, Charles Bragin."

Coming back to the Frank Reade tales which ran in the Wide Awake Library for some 35 stories. After Enton wrote his stories, there came a lot of hack writers writing poor trash SUPPOSEDLY Senaren's work, but I have my doubts that he wrote much of the later tales appearing, although it is a fact that he sadly deteriorated in later days and MAY have injected a few "punks" in the later runs of so-called Reade tales. The WRIGHT stories were only a feeble quality of the more or less inspired READE tales of GENUINE vintage, to my mind. A set of the Jack Wright stories, which are mostly trash, is worthy of any ones collection now a days.

Elh A. Messier had another very nice writeup in the March 26th, 1944, issue of the Providence Journal, Providence, R. I., vis. "East Blackstone Man Has Study Packed With Thrillers of Old," with a picture of himself holding a nice lot of novels in his right hand. Not a very long writeup, but as a fellow says, "Short and Sweet."

Buffalo Bill, The Story of a Reputation That Ran Away with a Man, by Delos Avery, appeared in the Chicago Sunday Tribune for March 26th, 1944. A fine long article well illustrated. Carl Linville sent me a copy and Chas H. Johnstone.

## WANTED—FOR CASH

All Early Dime Novels

WILLIAMS BOOK STORE

81-87 Washington St.

Boston, Mass.

## PARTIAL LIST OF H. H. BRO. MEMBERS FOR 1944

53. H. L. (Buck) Wilson, R. F. D. #1, Alliance, Ohio.
65. U. G. Figley, Route 1, Bryan, Ohio.
70. Private Stanley Pachon, 627 Hayes St., Bethlehem, Pa.
75. Roscoe B. Martin, Forestville, N. Y.
76. Roland D. Sawyer, Ware, Mass.
105. Charles H. Johnston, Twin Lake, Mich.
111. Lou Kohrt, 3749 Robinhood St., Houston 5, Texas.
117. A. Willard Jaffray, Belvidere, Ill.
142. Talbot C. Hatch, Hotel Francis Drake, Minneapolis, Minn.
179. Bart Hurley, 965 Noble Ave., Bridgeport, 8 Conn. New member.

I buy and sell novels of all kinds and will give you a square deal. Where can I get some James Boys Weekly?

**R. E. MORRIS**

231 6th St., S. W., Mason City, Iowa

## SPECIAL SALE ON NOVEL FOTES

Many on hand, yet, at 12 for \$1.00, in miscellaneous lots, come as they will. 4½x6¾ glossy photos of over 400 dime novel and story paper covers—all different. Send list of numbers of those you have, and I will send different ones, if you order more.

**GEORGE FRENCH**

121 W. Passaic Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

## POLICE GAZETTES WANTED

A complete set of bound volumes or single volumes. Loose numbers considered also. Write to

**Joseph Katz**

8 South St., Baltimore 2, Md.

THINK OF BOOKS, AND YOU  
THINK OF ALFRED HORSEY

Ancient and modern British Boys' Papers a specialty. Send details of your requirements to the above-named 60 Salcombe Rd., Walthamstow, London, E. 17; England.

## Buy War Bonds &amp; Stamps

## TIP TOP WEEKLY

## Offer No. 1

72 Numbers. 145 to 222 (No. 154 missing) Jan. 21, 1896 to July 14, 1900. Colored covers. 156 and 196 Tops of covers cut off. 168 and 169 gnawed and cut into text slightly. About a dozen gnawed on one corner. Back cover leaf missing on some. Many taped on back edge. (transparent). Due to rarity worth one dollar each (quite aged). \$35.00 if you ORDER NOW.

## TIP TOP LIBRARY

## Offer No. 2

38 Numbers. Blue and white covers. Vol. 1, Nos. 2 to 39. April 25, 1896, to Jan. 9, 1897. Nos. 13 and 26 last page gone. No. 14, no cover, part of first page gone. No. 16 no cover. No. 27 parts of several pages torn away at top. Some taped on back edge (transparent). Rest in fair condition. Rarities indeed. Worth a dollar and a half each. (Quite Aged). \$25 if you ORDER NOW.

Both offers if ordered at same time \$50.00

**W. B. McCafferty**

3115 N. W. 28th

Fort Worth, Texas



## OLD NEWSPAPERS WANTED

From any city in the U. S. A.

Sunday dates preferred, but will take years 1904 to 1932, and other dates and parts desired, First Page, Editorial, Sports or any magazine and Color Section, also Comic page. Also want copies of the Sporting News, 1905 to 1922. Months of May, June, July, Aug., Sept. and Oct. only.

When answering this ad, state just what you have and condition and price for same.

Will answer all letters, will pay cash or trade old novels for same.

**CARL LINVILLE**

2734 Madison Road, Cincinnati 9, Ohio

## WANTED

Copies of Nos. 1, 2, 8, 9, 10  
of The Story Paper Collector.

I am running short of copies of these issues. Have you any to spare? If so, please mail them to me and postage will be refunded.

**WM. H. GANDER**

Box 60, Transcona, Manitoba, Canada

Will give \$1.00 each for The Collectors Miscellany, pub. by Joseph Parks in 1932 to 1935. Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 22, 25 to end.

Have bound volumes of Our Boys and Girls Monthly pub. by Tickner & Fields, also Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls. As they come, fair to fine condition, 50c per vol. Have 12 or 15 vols on hand, or all for \$6.00.

Old Farmers Almanac's, nice, 1860 to 1920, 25c each.

**RALPH F. CUMMINGS**  
Fisherville, Mass.

**WANTED by HERMAN PITCHER**  
Lake City, Florida

**MUNRO'S SEASIDE LIBRARY.**—(Pocket Ed.) Nos. 73 76 148 151 174 190 194 244 246 249 250 254 278 283 285 306 308 323 352 385 430 459 460 465 466 467 516 519 547 628 677 745 755 759 778 807 829 854 908 922 924 928 931 933 955 958 964 968 975 995 1006 1010 1014 1052 1185 1186 1201 1338 1343 1444 1628 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015.

**STREET & SMITH'S BERTHA CLAY LIBRARY** Nos. 6 to 11 14 16 to 22 24 26 27 29 to 32 38 to 42 45 48 51 53 54 56 to 60 62 63 65 67 to 70 72 76 78 to 83 85 to 89 91 93 to 96 98 99 100 102 to 107 110 111 112 116 to 121 126 128 132 133.

**S & S NEW B. CLAY LIBR.** Nos. 3 5 to 7 9 10 11 13 14 16 17 20 21 24 to 26 30 32 to 36 39 42 to 44 47 50 51 54 56 58 59 61 63 65 to 67 69 73 75 77 81 84 to 86 88 89 91 93 95 96 97 99 102 to 104 107 109 111 112 114 119 122 129 152.

**EAGLE SERIES** Nos. 4 11 21 42 48 59 84 95 102 109 130.

**F. M. LUPTON CHIMNEY CORNER.** c76, c86 c99 c107 c144 c151.

**ARM CHAIR,** a34 a88 a120 a126 a137 a148.

## INNER CULTURE

Magazine of India,  
tells secret of health, happiness and success.

Sample copy ten cents.

3880-D San Rafael Avenue  
Los Angeles 31, California

(Mention Dime Novel Round-Up)

## WILL PAY—

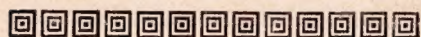
\$5.00 each for Tip Top Library No. 27 and 43 and Tip Top Weekly Nos. 74 and 77, if in nice condition with original colored covers.

**J. P. GUINON**

Box 214 Little Rock, Ark.

Fair Swaps, Books, Want occult Theosophical, Precancel, or what have you?

**WILLARD D. THOMPSON**  
541 E. 5th St., Los Angeles, 13, Calif.

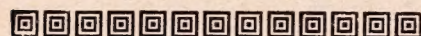


## Singleton's Peep Show

Is One of the Finest.  
And different from  
The Dime Novel Round-Up.  
Illustrated—and you'll like it, too.  
10c per Copy, or \$1.00 per Year

**FRED T. SINGLETON**

2000B S.W. Red Rd., Coral Gables, Fla.



## Story Paper Collector

The Only Magazine on Bloods and Penny Dreadfuls of its kind, published in Canada.

What do you know about British Boys Journals, Blood, etc.?

Send in an article for the Next Issue.

10c Per Copy

**W. H. GANDER**

Box 60, Transcona, Man., Canada.

## WANTED FOR CASH or EXCHANGE

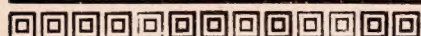
Old U. S. cut square envelope stamps or the whole envelope.

Damaged or those now in use not wanted.

Have old Books, old style buttons, Match Covers, Postage and Revenues to exchange for the above.

**JOHN J. LECHKY**

514 N. Gilbert, Iowa City, Iowa



## TIP TOP WEEKLY

**BOUGHT SOLD EXCHANGED**

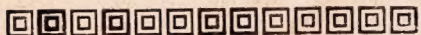
I have the issues you want or I can get them if they are still to be found. Improve your collection while it is still possible to obtain good specimens of the original Merriwell stories.

I will pay top prices for Tip Top in small lots or long runs, or will exchange other novels for them. Send me your list, including only those in nice condition.

**J. P. Guinon**

Box 214

Little Rock, Ark.



Dime Novel Catalogue, illustrated. Free for stamped, addressed envelope. R. Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Collector's Miscellany

The paper for anyone interested in old Boys' Books, Type Specimens, Juvenile Theatre, Chapbooks, Broad-sides, Street Ballads, Dying Speeches, and other printed ephemera.

Write,

**J. A. BIRKBECK**

52 Craigie Ave., Dundee, Scotland.

Want Young Klondike 37, 39. Pluck and Luck 39, 93, 132. Certain Tip Tops, Yankee Doodle, Young Glory. Will give good trade. All kinds for sale. Send your want list.

**L. C. Skinner**

56 Chaplin St., Pawtucket, R. I.

## WANTED

**AT ALL TIMES**

All types of Dime Novels.

Prompt payment.

**EDWARD MORRILL & SON**

144 Kingston St., Boston, Mass

## 19th Century Peep-Show

A monthly paper no sentimental collector can afford to miss. \$1 per year. 10c a copy, nickel novels not over looked.

**Fred T. Singleton**

2000B SW Red Rd., Coral Gables, Fla.



**W A N T E D**

**CRAZY GADGETS**

Please offer us all

**MECHANICAL BANKS**

**WILLIAMS BOOK STORE**

81-87 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Est. 1895

---